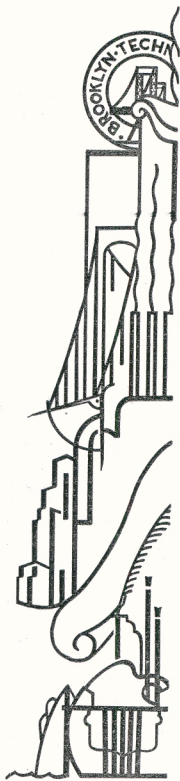


JUNE
1937

THE
BLUE
PRINT

BrooklynTechSurvivors.com



STGF
(NY Brooklyn)
Blueprint



Albert
L. Colston
Principal

TO THE SENIORS:

I AM glad that you have chosen "Culture" as the theme of this, your Senior Book. On your own initiative you have introduced a subject that I long have wished to discuss with you.

There have been many definitions of culture. To some it has meant the acquiring of certain languages that held the account of ancient civilizations. To others it has meant the study of psychology and logic, or the study of man's mind. The worst aspect of these definitions was that they drew a line between people who had studied certain subjects and others who might have studied something else, perhaps just as valuable. There

was always a good bit of snobbery involved in these distinctions, and I hate snobbery!

I would not lay down any definite subjects that should be studied. The essential point is that for culture the scope should be wide and not too narrow. In one's vocation, of course, it is necessary to be very intensive. But, in one's general reading, one should be free to range through all the fields of man's endeavor and to sympathize with all of his upward trends. I would describe culture as an attitude of mind and heart. I would define culture also by describing the attributes of a cultured man. A cultured man possesses a live curiosity concerning the real achievements of mankind and the finer things of the present day. He is willing and anxious to learn through reading or observation whatever will round out this knowledge or broaden his horizon. Pope has said, "The proper study of mankind is man." Surely a really cultured man has a broad sympathy for his fellows. A wide understanding and a breadth of sympathy are attributes of a cultured man.

Culture signifies growth. A cultured man is always a growing man. No matter what his age, he grows in knowledge and in sympathy for the best in his fellowmen. A will to be better informed and accomplish more are always with him. We speak of him as having broader culture as the years go by. Whether or not a college training adds to the real growth of a man depends very largely upon the man. Additional degrees do not always mean additional development.

You desire to be cultured men. You have a good start if you make the best of what you have now. Will you continue to grow? That depends on the power in you to will to make the most of your advantages. If you have no time or especial aptitude to acquire additional languages, you will find most of the important chronicles of the achievements of the race either written in or translated into the English language. That you must master the English language goes without saying. If your knowledge and use of English is not accurate and clean cut—if it is cloudy, you will look out on the world of culture through a cloudy glass. Also, others will view your personality through the haze of imperfections in this same cloudy medium.

With a clear mastery of your own tongue, with an ever alert habit of reading, you will be constantly growing—gleaning new gems of knowledge. Real power will come to you. If you are a man of culture, this power will be used always for the benefit of others as well as for yourself. If you continue to grow, mentally, morally, and spiritually, then are you a truly cultured man.

Albert L. Bolston

I have written words of advice to all of the graduating classes going from the Brooklyn Technical High School for the past fourteen years. Perhaps some of the words of counsel have been of slight help to at least a few graduating students. Probably they have not meant much to some of those who have graduated, but during all of this time I knew that the special problems of the graduating students were being solved under the direction of our late adviser to the seniors. Her closeness to you and to those who have preceded you was such that her living advice would naturally be more potent than any written page of mine.

The outstanding points of her personality were that she had a remarkable fund of common sense and a personal and kindly interest in you. She was anxious to be of service to everyone needing her. The type of service she rendered all of those now in the alumni group was so outstanding that her name will be long cherished in the annals of Brooklyn Tech.

Miss Freeberg saw the Brooklyn Technical High School course start in the Manual Training High School, began as counsellor to the seniors with the very first class of the new school, encouraging those who were doubtful of their own abilities to accomplish excellent results. She went through the early difficulties of the school with that same smile, inspiring for the graduates and for the faculty as well. With her passing, Brooklyn Tech has lost one of its pioneers whose contribution has been remarkable, not only in the amount of work she personally accomplished but in the help and encouragement she gave to others to accomplish great things.

The present student body and the younger members of the faculty are apt to take everything we have now in the way of opportunities for study as a matter of course. They do not know the background, the years in which we worked under the greatest difficulties, but we of the early staff know, and those of the early graduating classes know the difficulties with which we had to contend.

We would like to see the glowing and unselfish personality of Miss Freeberg projected into the future of Brooklyn Technical High School so that the coming groups of graduates may receive through her example an encouragement that will last through the years.

With devout thankfulness that we have had the companionship and the help of Sigrid C. Freeberg, we can breathe a silent prayer that the spirit that she represents may be with the graduates of the Brooklyn Technical High School through all the years.

ALBERT L. COLSTON, *Principal*



History of the Class of June, 1937

Freshman Year



THOSE of us who entered Tech only four short years ago will recall that in our first term, many of us were students in that dream of many an old time Technite, the New Building. We were ushered into its magnificent halls, labs, and rooms, where we stood and gazed like the scared rabble that we were. It was through these stately halls that we carried our first huge pile of books, usually surmounted by a nicely covered I.P. notebook. It was through these halls that we first carried our likewise huge

lunchbags, as frosh are so wont to do. Some of us embarked early on careers for ourselves. George Byrnes went and got himself elected frosh G. O. Representative. Tech's Amateur Night in the Old Building was a huge success. O to be in the beloved Old Building! We got our first initiation into politics, and we yearned to cast our vote for the awe-inspiring senior with the Major T. What's the difference? Neither party ever kept many of its promises. (Note to class politicians: it's all in fun.)

Sophomore Year



Somewhere I have read that sophomore means "wise fool." And what wise fools we were! We soon learned the tricks. We were shipped off to the Old Building, to our mingled dismay and glee. We got our first taste of detention after a somewhat stormy session with the judge in 151. We soon learned how to sneak out the back of the auditorium during the assemblies and ramble across to Tullio's, where many a hungry engineer has been fed in the past. We also learned how to hide behind the big pillars in the gym and tell jokes, while the other poor fellows were trying to break their necks on the highbar. The annual April Fool issue of *The Survey* appeared, and many of our more gullible contemporaries tried to find the trolley car that was to run around the halls of the New Building. Maybe that's where the saying, "I'm waiting for a street car" originated. And did we have fun in the Old Building Lunchroom. There was a place—believe me. Remember how the fellows used to line their ice cream Dixie cups up on top of the radiators, so they would thaw out to save their teeth? And remember the riot that always ensued when about thirty-five fellows from forge shop would try to shed their grime in a sink built for six? The Old Building is only a memory now, but, despite the magnificent edifice we are now in, it will always find a warm spot in our hearts.

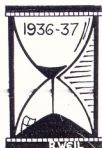
Junior Year

Well, this year we were split up into different courses. Those of us who liked to stick our fingers into the socket to see what made the light light went into the Electrical Course to haunt Mr. Pabst and his cohorts. Those who liked the smell of the H_2S concocted in Chem 1 and 2 went into the **Chemical Course to make more of the bally stuff**; those cute little tykes who delighted in wrecking *pater's* time piece went into the Mechanical Course to smash some already smashed lathes; and those who played with Meccano and Lincoln Log sets flipped coins to see whether it would be the Architectural or Structural Course. Those who painted the walls at home with their new paint sets went into the Art Course, and last, but not least, all the boys who longed to sing "Ach du lieber Augustin" and "Made-moiselle from Armentieres" in the original German and French went into



the College Preparatory Course. Many of the fellows went out for teams; many made them. El Thompson became one of Tary's star breeze-whiffers; Bob Posch turned out to be a big shot on the Rifle Team; and Ary Garfinkle started putting a ball through a hoop every now and then. But now on to our senior year, the pinnacle of our hopes.

Senior Year



Well, well, here we are, wearing nice green tags. What a feeling! Ah, a frosh! Hey, you, up'n around! What's this? Cometh the opening of the pool. Just as most of us have got on teams just to be excused from H.E. Oh, well, we are rather hardened by now, and it takes quite a bit to phase us. (I don't mean 3 phase A.C., either.) The teachers still insist on telling us how to fill out Delaney cards. Grin and bear it. Our pal, El Thompson, has been elected President of the G. O., and Joe Whitty is on the Executive Committee. Boy, did we have fun at the Open School Night. There we were, strutting around with our one and only, trying to show how much we knew. Now come the Senior elections. Elwood Thompson was elected to the head position, with Arne Henriksen as his assistant. Eddie Lupano was given the task of wheedling the shekels from us, and Stan Beer was made class scribe. Many of us have risen pretty high, and some have just remained average. The Class of June, 1937, need have no fears as to its worth, however, for we have our notables galore. El Thompson is as good a class politician as one could want; Sid Weniger is the President of the Public Speaking Society and editor of this rag you are reading (we hope). Joe Mazzaglia and Doug Jensen are Roosevelt Oratorical medal winners, with Joe sneaking the Alexander Freehand Drawing medal in on the side. Saul Haskel has done a swell job of managing *The Survey*, and Nat Harrison has done the same with the White Party. Our braintrust is one of the best ever. Berthold Meyer, Bernie Fishman, Ed Plawski, and Al Arena have compiled scholastic records to be marveled at. Our athletic activities are well represented. Don Peterson, Al McKinney, and Ary Garfinkle will long be remembered for their work on the basketball court. Stan Beer was a star on our hockey team, and Tommy Bryant, besides being secretary of the Scribes, helped add several track trophies to the collection in the case. Altogether, our stay at Tech has been very pleasant, and we have really liked it, in spite of all we say to the contrary. Graduation will be a paradox—we are glad that we can go, but sorry that we have to.



TO THE SENIORS:

NOWADAYS we grow accustomed to hearing of incapable but flashy persons who achieve sudden success, or of quiet, deserving fellows who have been denied their deserts. We begin to fall into slipshod habits, saying to ourselves, "It isn't really necessary for us to see the job through. We'll get by." Then we are

shocked when we find that there still is some justice.

During this past term I have met with justice in the form of directors of college admissions. These officials scrutinize applicants with a cold eye and sentence them exactly as they deserve. The Tech student who has attained an average of eighty-five and who has been outstanding in school activities, athletic or non-athletic, will secure a scholarship which will enable him to attend a famous university like M.I.T. without cost. The graduate whose average is eighty will receive a free education from one of our city institutions, City College, Cooper Union, or Brooklyn College. The seventy-five percenters are eligible to attend leading colleges like Columbia, Cornell, or Carnegie at their own expense, while the seventy percenters will only be welcomed by average colleges. **Those bald-headed and gray-bearded gentlemen who have dawdled about Tech for five or six years will be lucky if they can enter any college at all.**

In this manner our seniors are classified according to their accomplishments in Tech. By their deeds are they known. No warmth of protest or promise will soften these directors of admission who are interested only in the records. Although some seniors are disturbed, even angered to find such impartial judges standing at the college gates, I believe most of us are glad to know that there is still some justice.

A. Barnett Langdale.

Senior Grade Adviser

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE
SENIOR CLASS OF JUNE 1937

Know all men by these presents:

WE, THE SOMEWHAT SILLY, SOPHISTICATED, AND SUPERCILIOUS SENIORS OF THE CLASS OF JUNE 1937, BEING OF LIGHT MINDS AND SANE BODIES, AND HAVING BY HOOK AND A GENEROUS BESPRINKLING OF CROOK SUCCEEDED IN CAJOLING AN EDUCATION FROM THIS MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE FOR FOUR YEARS AND UP (MOSTLY UP) DO HEREBY DECLARE AND PUBLISH THIS OUR LAST WILL AND TESTIMONIAL THUS MAKING ALL OTHERS PREVIOUS TO THIS VULL AND NOID.

With tender memories we leave to the next senior class our cherished copy of "What Every Senior Should Know" - as if they don't already know.

To Mr. Colston we leave 6000 odd (very odd) students.

To The Survey we leave a large bottle of Vitalis to restore circulation.

To Mr. Milde we leave the future stuffed ballot boxes.

To Miss Cooley we leave all the unknown quantities.

To Mr. Mattuck we leave Mr. Durlach.

To Mr. McSherry we leave our lawst pair of fawncy pearl-buttoned spats.

To Mr. Ledley we leave Tech's future cracked pots.

To the Murals in the lobby we leave a staff that will finish painting them before the turn of the century.

To Mr. Harris we leave the title of Tech's Wittiest

Pedagogue.

To the Art Department we leave more of the teachers they have been getting lately.

To Mr. Atkins we leave "Nine Old Men."

To the fountain (?) in the courtyard we leave fifty dollars of our hard-earned money.

To Mr. McNeil we leave 48 ice-cream cones if he passes the Regents.

To Tary we leave our best wishes.

To Mr. Reusch we leave Miss Ashworth.

To "Cowboy" Jones we leave our favorite anecdote:-The cowboy threw the bull, but Mr. Jones threw the cowboy.

To Doc Apisdorf we leave enough ink for those 1,000,000 zee-roes.

To R. V. D. we leave the title of Tech Criticaster and a large handful of Nuts and Bolts with which to heckle future history pupils.

To the Messrs. Fanning, Mulqueen, Germann and Parker, we leave the hallowed detention hall - may they spend many enjoyable hours in it.

To Mr. Homer we leave ye title of the Beste Olde Prefecte Teachere We Everre Hadde. (Silly but sincere.)

To the Shop Department we leave the empty advanced machine shops.

And, to the relief of the faculty and the school at large, we leave . . .



It was so beautiful it could not stay
Upon this awkward earth. Bereaved, we pray
It goes not for eternity, but will,
In some more perfect year, return, to fill
Again our lives with peaceful unity.
O mourning thought, give o'er thy ceaseless plea.
Nothing is lost when held by memory.

I Hear America Singing

Written by Members of English 711 and 721

I hear America singing, not the songs that
Walt Whitman heard in the years after 1865,
But the songs of today, the songs of the industry of modern life.
I hear the song of the open-hearth man as he sees the metal roaring
from the furnace into the molds,
The machinist singing with the humming of his lathe,
Singing as his tool bit bites into the spinning metal or as the drill turns
curls of steel.
I hear the song of the steel worker as he swings the beam in place,
The foreman sings as he sees the beam go home,
The catcher as he catches the white-hot rivet on its way to its mark,
The holder-on as he places the rivet in the hole,
And the riveter as he keeps time with his hammer on the forming head
of the rivet
To the rat-tat-tat of the rivet gun which is music in his ear.
I hear the architect singing as the steel skeleton takes its shape and rises
into the sky.
The welder, silhouetted by his torch's light, sings to the great power,
Sings as his flare joins metal to metal;
And, encased in sparks, sings as he cuts the mighty beams.
I hear the song of the electrical worker as he lays the lengths of pipe,
Singing as he pulls the wire through the conduit.
I hear the radio operator singing as he hears a reply to the message he
has flashed through space.
The pilot sings as he lifts his ship from the earth, as he opens wide
the throttle.
I hear the song of the sky-writer as he leaves his trail of smoke.
The railroad engineer sings as he opens the throttle.
I hear him singing as he whistles through, "On time."
I hear the bridge-builder's song as he walks the cat-walk high above the
swirling river,
The song of the automobile mechanic as he listens to the hum of the
motor.
I hear the song of a ship with a bone in her teeth;



Tech's Great White Way

<i>Having Wonderful Time</i>	The Senior Prom
<i>Behind Red Lights</i>	The hall signal lights
<i>Boy Meets Girl</i>	Impossible at Tech.
<i>Brother Rat</i>	The fellow who doesn't lend his homework
<i>Chalked Out</i>	A zip for board work
<i>Dead End</i>	Mr. Mulqueen's office
<i>Naughty-Naughty</i>	The S.O.S.
<i>High Tor</i>	The Tower
<i>Now You've Done It</i>	No, not homework
<i>Storm Over Patsy</i>	Fourth period lunch
<i>Sun Kissed</i>	Freshmen on the roof gym
<i>The Eternal Road</i>	To the subway and "L"
<i>Excursion</i>	What Tech Used to Have
<i>The Masque Of Kings</i>	Detention with Mr. Parker
<i>The Show Is On</i>	Graduation
<i>The Women</i>	???
<i>Tobacco Road</i>	Outside the school limits
<i>Babes In Arms</i>	Freshmen
<i>You Can't Take It With You</i>	The auditorium
<i>Penny Wise</i>	Lunchroom customers



T-Men



Coach Wagner, Arnold, Witzenberger, Henly, Larsson, Coach Schwartz

BROOKLYN TECH'S 1936 MILE RELAY

The record for this 1936 team is as follows: first place in the N. Y. U., Seton Hall, Endicott and La Salle track meets; second place in the K. of C. Games, third place in the Indoor U. S. Scholastic Championships and in the Newark Prep meet. Cups were won in the N. Y. U., Seton Hall, and Endicott meets. The team broke the record in the Endicott Meet. This combination of athletes wore Tech's colors in the Penn Relays at Philadelphia in 1936. They were favored to win the Championship American Scholastic Mile Relay. The week before the team had run 1600 meters in 3 minutes and 27 seconds at N.Y.U.

It therefore was with no little sense of impending victory that Fred Arnold stepped to his mark in Franklin Field before forty thousand track fans. He had received the outside position but was confident of jumping into the lead quickly. The gun sounded dully through the Babel of sound and runners catapulted out into space. Around the first turn spikes flew and one man from Evander Childs went down but the race continued. Arnold faded back and back and as he passed the stick to Ed Witzenberger he was

wallowing along far behind the leaders of the pack. The race was already one-fourth gone when Arnold passed the stick, but nevertheless Witzemberger in second, Henly in third, and Larsson in anchor position pressed on in a mighty attempt to overtake the leaders. But it was an effort made in vain. Tech had lost.

At the end of his race Arnold looked at his foot which was beginning to throb and found there was a crimson stain spreading around a gash in the leather. He had been spiked. Two steel daggers had torn through his shoe and the underlying flesh. When the time was announced the Tech men gazed at each other: three minutes and thirty-two seconds, or four seconds more than the Tech boys had hit the week before. The championship had been wrested from Tech by the two glistening steel scalpels. Dick Schwartz and Mr. Wagner were sitting glumly in their seats, sheer despair written on their faces and the trip back to New York, was a far different one from the joyful arrival in the Quaker City.

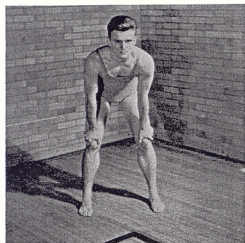
"Cholly" Cholewinski

The most outstanding player of this year's team is Cholewinski, the right forward. Last year he engaged in a friendly duel with his team mate, Pete Karejwa, for high scoring honors in Brooklyn. These two boys were nip and tuck until the final game of the season when Karejwa went on a spree and beat Cholly by a few points to place second in the borough. Cholly pulled down third. Because he is a senior, he will be on the basketball floor in only the first few games of its schedule, and we shall have a hard time replacing this flashy, durable, eagle-eyed fighter.



Herb Ward

Tech's rifle team this year is the first in its history to win the New York Stock Exchange Rifle Shooting Match. The Brooklyn Tech team also bears the enviable record of having gone through undefeated in all its dual meets. Herb Ward, captain of the team, is in addition the best shot of the outfit. He is Connecticut State Junior Champion, having scored 189 out of a possible 200 to win out over the finest scholastic marksmen of six



states. He is the proud possessor of one of the 2 sweater T's in Tech now. He also has 3 major T's. In the Jamaica match this year he set a new scholastic mark for New York City with 192 out of 200.

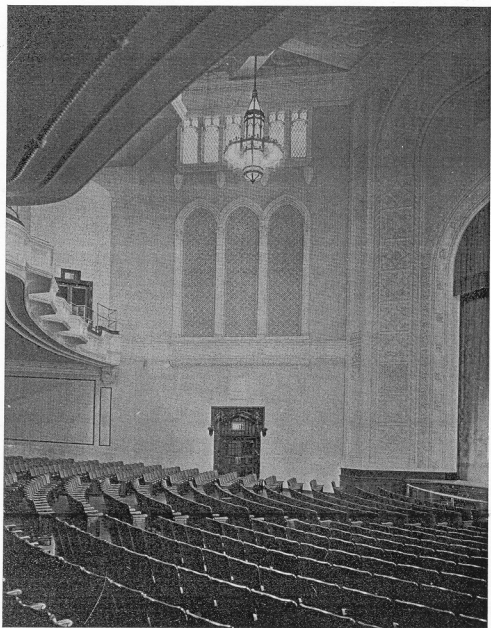
Alex McCall

For three years Alex McCall has been one of Tech's mainstays in pool activities. Time and time again he has thrashed his way home first to win honors for Brooklyn Tech. His distance is the 100-yard regularly but he has also held down the anchor position in the 200-yard relay.

"Chad" Carpenter

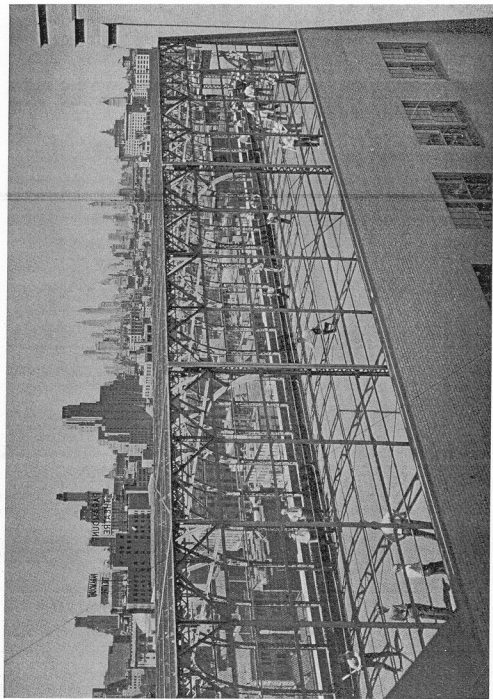
Tech's hockey teams have been rated near the top for the last five years. Three of them have featured Chad Carpenter as a regular. He has been varsity center for the last two seasons. Last year he was second highest scorer on the team, being nosed out by Don Viemeister. His playmaking ability and defensive skill have made him the most versatile as well as the most valuable player on the squad. Despite the fact that he is the outstanding player, Carpenter weighs only 140 pounds, one of our lightest men. When you think of the two hundred pound defensemen in scholastic hockey, you can realize that it takes courage to skate down on attack, and Carpenter has that courage.

FRED ARNOLD



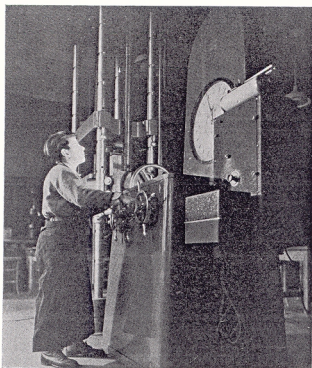
The Auditorium

*From "All the Children," 37th Annual
Report of the Superintendent of Schools,
City of New York*



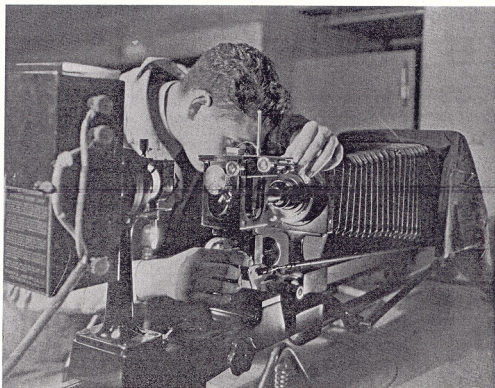
The Scene of Many an Intramural

From "All the Children," 37th Annual
Report of the Superintendent of Schools,
City of New York



Strength
of Materials

Photographing
Structure of Metal



From "All the Children," 38th Annual Report of the Superintendent of Schools, City of New York



Excerpts from the Year's "Who's Who of 1960"

Rival of Henry Armetta	Humbert Dama
Mayor of New York City	Elwood Thompson
Successor to Harpo Marx	Milton Orlick
Warden of Leavenworth	William Wendt
Tech's Football Coach	Raymond Martin
Discoverer of the 93rd Element	William Tabroff
Famous Radio Crooner	Arne Henriksen
Tammany Leader (2nd A. D.)	J. Aloysius Whitty
Radio Gag Man	Rudy Bleacher
Stage Prestidigitator	Robert Dorsey
Terpsichorean	G. Clay Byrnes
The Mad Scientist Who Has Spent 20 Years Developing A Perpetual Motion Machine	Michael Abranis
Secretary of the Treasury	Edward Lupano
Auctioneer	Harold Wolfson
Butter and Egg Man	Jacob Bisen
Soap-Box Orator	J. "Butch" Mazzaglia
Cartoonist	Charles Beck
Principal of the Co-educational B. T. H. S.	Gerald Mitchell
Chorus-boy (Front Row, too) in current Broadway Play ..	James Gallagher
Inveterate Stage Door Johnny	Martin Weiss
Editor of <i>The Daily Worker</i>	Saul Haskel
One Man Band	William Grimm

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

“Who’s Who in 1960”

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

Restaurateur (not a dish-washer)	Charles Kallas
Fuller Brush Man	Sam Deutsch
Editor of <i>Esquire</i>	Sid Weniger
Playwright	George Szego
Engineer	Nobody to fill this position